

POEMS.

BY

J. C.

VVith Aditions.



Printed in the Yeare,
1651.

21109

101

101

101

101

101

101

101

101

101

101

101

I
A
L
Y
A
H
B
Y

A
T
A
T
E
I
C
H



TO THE
STATE of LOVE.

OR,

The Sences Festivall,

I Saw a Vision yesternight
Enough to tempt a *Seekers* fight;
I wisht my selfe a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulse my trembling sphear,
It was a She so glittering bright?
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*.
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with 'same;
Beauties chiefest Maid of Honour:
You'd break a Lent with looking on her,
Not the fair Abbess of the skies,
VVith all her Nunnery of eys,
Can shew me such a glorious prize.
And yet, because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown;
A brown, for which heaven would disband
The Gallaxye and the stars be tann'd.
Brown by reflexion, as her eye
Dazells the Summers livery.
Old dormant windows must confesse,
Her beams their glimmering spectacles;
Struck with the splendour of her face,
Do th' office of a burning glasse.
Now, where such radiant lights have shewn,
Now wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun burnt with lustre of her own.
My sight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now impale her in mine arms.
(Loves compasses) confining you
Good Angels, to a compasse too.
In the Universe strait-lac't,

A 3

When

POEMS.

When I do compass in the vast
 The enormous foulds about thee hurl'd,
 With *Drake*, I compass in the world,
 I keep the Firmament, and make,
 To my embrace the Zodiack,
 How would thy Center take my sense,
 When admiration doth commence,
 At the extreme circumference!
 Now to the melting kisse that sips
 The jelly'd Philtre of her lips
 So sweet, there is no tongue can phrase it,
 Till transubstantiate with a taste,
 Inspir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
 By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;
 Love prints her Signets in her smacks,
 Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax;
 Which, wheresoever she imparts,
 They're Privy Seals to take up hearts.
 Our mouths encountering at the sport,
 My slippery soul had quit the fort,
 But that she stopt the Salley-port.
 Next to those sweets her lips dispense,
 As twin-conserves of eloquence:
 The sweet perfume her breath affords;
 Incorporating with her words;
 No Rosary this Votresse needs,
 Her very syllables are beads.
 No sooner twixt those Rubies born;
 But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
 With what delight her speech doth enter,
 It is a kisse oth' second venter,
 And I dissolve at what I hear,
 As if another *Rosamond* were
 Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
 Yet, that's but a prelude to blisse;
 Two souls pickering in a kisse,
 Embrace'd do but draw the line,
 The storming that must take her in.

When

P O E M S.

When bodies whine, and victory hovers
 Twixt the equall fluttering lovers
 This is the game, make stakes my dear,
 Hark how the sprightly *Chanticleer*,
 That Baron *Tell-cloke* of the night,
 Sounds *Boo-esse* to Cupids Knight.
 Then have at all, the passe is got,
 For coming off, oh name it not:
 VVho would not die upon the spot!

THE H E C A T O M B TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggars of the rhiming trade,
 Geld the loose wits, and let the Muse be splaid,
 Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase
 Of Balm, Elixir, both the Indias.
 Of shrine, saint, sacriledge, and such as these
 Expressions, common as their Mistresses.
 Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,
 My text defeats your art, ties natures tongue,
 Scorns all his tinsil'd metaphors of self,
 Illustrated by nothing but his self.
 As Spiderstravell by their bowells spun
 Into a thread, and when the race is run,
 Wind up their journey in a living clew,
 So is it with my Poetry and you.
 From your own essence must I first untwine;
 Then twist again each Panegirick line.
 Reach then a soaring quill that I may write,
 As with a Jacobs staffe to take the height,
 Suppose an Angell darting through the air,
 Should there encounter a religious prayer
 Mouning to heaven, that intelligence
 Should for a Sunday suite thy breath condense
 Into a body. Let me crack a string
 In ventring higher; were the note I sing

Above heavens *Ela*, should I undecline,
 And with a deep-mouth'd *Grammar* sound agen
 From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
 Nor find an *Epithet* to set her forth.
Mettalls may blazon common beauties. She
 Makes pearl and planets humble herauldy.
 As then a purer substance is defin'd,
 But by a heap of *Negatives* combin'd;
 Ask what a spirit is, you'll hear them cry
 It hath no matter, no mortality.
 So can I not define how sweet, how fair,
 Only I say she's not as others are.
 For what *perfections* we to others grant,
 It is her sole perfection to want.
 All other forms seem in respect of thee
 The *Almanacks* misshap'd *Anatomy*,
 Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat;
 The *Scorpion* gives the secrets; knees, the *Goat*:
 A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are
 Their name-sak'd signs in their strang character,
 As the *Phylosophers* to every sence
 Marry it's object, yet with some dispence,
 And grant them a *Polygamie* withall,
 And these their *common Sensibles* they call:
 So is't with her, who stinted unto none,
 Unites all Sences in each action.
 The same beam heats and lights; to see her well,
 Is both to hear and teel, to tast and smell.
 For can you want a palate in your eys,
 VVhen each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can th'eyes want nose,
 VVhen from each cheek buds forth a fragrant *Rose*?
 Or can the sight be deaf, if she but speak,
 A well-tun'd face such moving *Rhetorick*?
 Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel
 VVhich spares the bodies sheath, and melts the Reel?
 Thy soul must needs confesse, or grant thy sence
 Corrupted with the objects excellence.

POEMS.

Sweet Magick, which can make five senses lie
 Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
 In whom since all the five are intermixt,
 Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove high fixt!
 Thou man of mouth, that canst not name a She
 Unlesse all nature pay a Subsidie,
 Whose language is a Tax, whose Musck-cat verse
 Voids nought but flowers for thy Muses herse,
 Fitter than *Celia's* looks, who in a trice
 Canst state the long disputed Paradise:
 And with Divines hunt with so cold a sent,
 Canst in her bosome find it resident.
 Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
 And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
 Say the Astrologer, who spells the stars,
 In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,
 Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
 Interprets heavens Physiognomy.
 Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex,
 And say she tortures wits, as *Quartans* ven
 Physicians: call her *Square Circle*, say
 She is the very rule of *Algebra*.
 VVhat e're you undertake nor, say't of her,
 For that's the way to write her Character.
 Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise
 Thy fancy so as to inclose her praise,
 Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperboles are here but sacriledge.
 Then rouze up Muse, what thou hast reveal'd out,
 Some comments clear nor, but increase the doubt.
 She that affords poor mortalls not a glance
 Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance,
 She that commits a rape on every sense.
 VVhose breath can countermand a pestilence;
 She that can strike the best invention dead,
 Till blasted Poetry hangs down her head,
 She, she it is, she that contains all blisse,
 And make the world but her Periphrasis.

POEMS.

UPON

SIR THOMAS MARTIN;

Who subscribed a Warrant thus:

*We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Com-
mittee, &c. when there was no
Knight but himself.*

HAng out a flag, and gather pence a piece
(Which *Africk* never bred, nor swelling *Greece*
VVith stories timpany) a beast so rare
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Barlemay* fare
Can match him; natures whimsy, one that out-vies
Tredeshin and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious fights
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*;
But is this bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Issachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Panniers,
Thou that look'st wrapt up in thy warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orson* bound together,
Spurs representative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs* Table:
VVho in this sacrilegious masse of all
It seems ha's swallowed *Windsors* Hospitall.
Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck
Might well have answered at the Font for *Smock*.
But can a knighthood on a knighthood lie
Mettall on Mettall is ill Armory.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin's* coat
Shines in exception to the *Heraulds* vote.

Great

POEMS.

Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
 Their actions though eccentrick, state the cause,
 And *Priscus* bleeds with honour, *Cesar* thus
 Subscrib'd two Confulls with one *Iulius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high
 Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy?
 Fond man! whose fate is in his name betray'd,
 It is the setting Sun doubles his shade;
 But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
 May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On the memory of Mr. Edward King, drown'd in the Irish Seas.

X I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
 His artificial grief who scans his cys,
 Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I
 Confine them to the Muses Rosary?
 I am no Poet here; my pen's the spout
 VWhere the Rain-water of mine ey runs out
 In pity of that Name, whose fate we see
 Thus copi'd out in griefs Hydrography:
 The Muses re not Mair-maids, though upon
 His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
 The Sea's too rough for verse; who rhimes upon't,
 VVith *Xerxes* strives to fetter the *Hellestone*.
 My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
 To guide their streams; but (like the waves their cause)
 Run with disturbance, till they swallow me
 As a description of his misery.
 But can his spacious vertue find a grave
 Within th' impostum'd bubble of a wave?
 VVhose learning if we sound, we must confesse
 The sea but shallow, and him bottomlesse.
 Could not the winds to counter-mand thy death,
 VVith their whole card of lungs redeem thy breath?

Or some new Island in thy rescue peep,
 To heave thy resurrection from thee deep?
 That so the world might see thy safety wrought,
 VVith no lesse wonder than thy self was thought.
 The famous *Stegarite*, who in his life
 Had nature as familiar as his wife,
 Bequeath'd his Widow to survive with thee,
 Queen Dowager of all Phylosophy:
 An ominous Legacy, that did portend
 Thy fate and Predecessors second end:
 Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
 The sea can parallel in shape, and kind:
 Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Vniversity.

We'll dive no more for pearls, the hope to see
 Thy sacred reliques of Mortality
 Shall welcome storms, and make the sea-men prize
 His shipwrack now more then his Merchandize.
 He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tomb
 As to a *Royaller Exchange* shall come.
 VVhat can we now expect? water, and fire;
 Both elements our ruine do conspire:
 And that dissolves us, which doth us compound.
 One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
 VVe of the Gown our Libraries must toss,
 To understand the greatnesse of our losse,
 Be pupills to our grief, and so much grow
 In learning, as our sorrows overflow.
 VVhen we have fil'd the Rundles of our eyes,
 We'll issue't forth, and vent such Elegies,
 As that our tears shal seem the *Irish* seas,
 We floating Islands, living *Hebrides*.

P O E M S.
On the same.

TELL me no more of *Stoicks* : canst thou tell
Who 'twas that when the waves began to swell,
The ship to sink, sad passengers to call,
[Master we perish] slept secure of all ?
Remember this, and him that waking kept
A mind as constant as he did that slept,
Canst thou give credit to his zeale and love,
That went to Heaven, and to those flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot ? since I heard
Who 'twas, that on his knees the Vessel steer'd
With hands bolt up to heaven, since I see
As yet no sign of his mortality ;
Pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone
The self same journey in a watry one.

Upon an
HERMAPHRODITE,

SIR, or Madame, chuse you whether,
Nature twist'd you both together:
And makes thy soul two garbs confesse,
Both petticoat and breeches dresse.
Thus we chastise the God of *Vine*,
With water that is feminine,
Untill the cooler nymph abate
His wrath, and so incorporate.
Adam till his rib was lost,
Had both Sexes thus ingross :
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat :
Thus Matrimony speaks but *Th*ee
In a grave solemnity
For man and wife make but one right
Canonicall *Hermaphrodite*,

POEMS.

Ravel the body, and I find
 In every limb a double kind.
 Who would not think that head a pair
 That breeds such factions in the hair?
 On half so churlish in the touch,
 That rather then indure so much,
 It would my tender limbs apparrell
 In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:
 But the other half so small,
 And so amarus withall,
 That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
 A string for his invisible bow.
 VVhen I look babies in thine eys,
 Here *Perus*, there *Adonis* lyes,
 And though thy beauty be high noon,
 Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon,
 How many melting kisses skip
 'Thixt thy Male and Female lip?
 'Twixt thy upper brush of hair
 And thy nether beards despair?
 When thou speak'st, I would not wrong
 Thy sweetness with a double tongue:
 But in every single sound
 A perfect Dialogue is found.
 Thy breasts distinguish one another;
 This the sister, that the brother,
 When thou joyn'st hands, my ear still fancies
 The nuptiall sound, I *Iohn* take *Frances*;
 Feel but the difference, soft, and rough,
 This a *Gangler*, that a *Muff*;
 Had thy *Uzisses* at the sack
 Of *Troy* brought thee his *Pedlers* pack,
 And weapons too to know. *Achilles*
 From King *Nichomede's* *Phidias*,
 His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
 The needle, that the warlike steel.
 VVhen Musick danceth thy pace advance,
 Thy right leg takes thy left to dance,

POEMS.

13.

Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt dance, though alone :
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, nor thy heart.
Nay thole which modesty can mean,
And dare not speak, are hypocrite ;
That gamester needs must overcome,
That can play both Tib and Tom.
Thus did Nature mintage vary,
Coyning the Philip and Mary.

The Authors.

HERMAPHRODITE.

*Made after Mr. Randolph's death, yet in-
serted in his POEMS.*

Probleme of Sexes ; must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy Pedigree ?
Thou twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw lesse then Aums ace upon two Dice
Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy Sire into a double father ?
True, the worlds scales are even : wharthe main
In one place gets, another quits again,
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
Slice one in two, to keep her number just :
Plurality of livings is thy state,
And therefore mine must be impropriate.
For, since the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did steeple carry double truer,
His is the donative, and mine the cure.
Then say my Muse (and without more dispute)
VWho 'tis that fame doth superinstitute.
The Theban Wittall, when he once describes,
Iove is his rivall, falls to sacrifice :
That name hath tipt his horns : see on his knees
A health to Ham-en-Kelder Mercates.
Nay sublimary eucaids are common

To entertain their fate with complement;
 And shall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
 To quarter with his Muse both arms and brains?
 Grammercy Gossip, I rejoyce to see
 Shee' th got a leap of such a Barbary.
 Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets crest;
 For since the Muses left their former nests
 To found a *Runnery* in *Randolph's* quill,
 Cuckold *Pernassus* is a forked hill.

But stay, I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,
 And brings the worms from his compurgators.
 Can Ghost have naturall sons? say *Ogg*, is't meet,
 Penance bear date after the winding sheet?
 Were it a *Phoenix* (as the double kind
 May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
 It would disclaim my right, and that it were
 The lawfull issue of his ashes, swear.
 But was he dead? did not his soul translate
 Her self into a shop of lesser rate?
 Or breakup house like an expensive Lord,
 That gives his purse a tob, and lives at board?
 Let old *Pythagorus* but play the Pimp,
 And still there's hopes't may prove his bastards imp?
 But I'me prophane; For grant the world had one,
 With whom he might contract an union,
 They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
 I' th body joyn'd, but parted in the head.

For you my brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chair,
 Pope *Iohn*, or *Ioan*, or whatsoe're you are.
 You are a nephew, grieve not at your state,
 For all the world is illegitimate.
 Man cannot get a man, unless the Sun
 Club to the act of generation.
 The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
 Are the joynt fathers of thy Poetry.
 For since (blest shade) this verse is male, but mine
 O' th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine:
 Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no slaughter,
 So shal it be thy son, & yet my daughter. Square

Square Cap.

Come hither *Apollo's* bouncing Girl,
And in a whole *Hypocrene* of sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl,
Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry;
A Cambridge-Lasse, *Venus*-like born of the froth
Of an old half-fi'd Jug of barley broth,
She, she's my Mistris, her suitors are many,
But shee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere she have any.

And first for the Pluth-sake the *Monmouth-cap* comes;
Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
With his new fangled oath, *By Jupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tells her that after the death of his Grannam,
He shall have—God knows what *per annum*:
But still she replies, good Sir, La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then Calot-Leather-cap strongly pleads,
And fain would derive the pedigree of fashion;
The *Antipodes* weare their shoes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please,
If it were but well tost on *S. Thomas* his Lees,
But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *wrought-cap*,
With a long wasted conscience towards a Sister,
And making a chappel of ease of her lap,
First he said grace, and then he kist her.
Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to use and application next:
But then she replied, your Text (Sir) I'll be,
For then I'm sure you'll ne're handle me.

But see where *Sattain-cap* scours about,
And fain would this wench in his fellowship marry

He

POEMS,

He told her how such a man was not put out,
Because his wedding he closely did carry.
Hoe' I purchase Induction by Simony,
And offers her money her incumbent to be,
But still she replyed, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square cap* for me.

The Lawyer's Sophister by his *Round cap*,
Nor in their falacies are they divided;
The one milks the pocket, the other the rap,
And yet this wench he fain would have brided.
Come leave these thred-bare Schollers, quoth he,
And give me my livery and season of thee:
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration;
For I never will be your Impropration.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in a Morning before Sun-rising.

THE staggish morn, as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East;
As if thee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Vsher to the Sun,
The trees, like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyall dury,
Wave branches to inclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lost,
Or age with crutches underpropt,
Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Matinse and the Fan
Of whistling winds, like Organs, plaid,

Untill

POEMS.

Untill their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours rise
To be her morning-Sacrifice.
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsie heads,
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks
VVhere Roses mix : no civill war
Between her *York* and *Lancaster*.
The Marigold, whose Courtiers face
Echoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs, and shuts up her gawdy shop ?
Mistakes her kue, and doth display :
Thus *Phillis* antedates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizled locks,
To see what Saints his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and shade,
Like lattice-windows, give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Least her tull Orb his sight should dim,
And bids us all good-night in him,
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd day.

But what religious Palsie's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their blisse ?
And that they might her footsteps strow,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and least her stay
Should wed *O*ctober unto May ;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
VVithdrew her beams, yet make no night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon a M I S E R that made a
great feast, and the next day
dyed for grief.

NOR scape he so: our dinner was so good,
My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud:
And what delight she took in th' invitation,
Strives to tast o're again in this relation.

After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* rithme,
Not for devotion, but to take up time,
March'd the train'd-band of dishes usher'd there,
To shew their postures, and then *as they were*,
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the lovers gluttony;
This is a feast, a muster, not a fight,
Our weapons not for service, but for fight.

But are we rancaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a Limner, for to view, not eat?
Th' Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
Whatever feasts he made are sum'd up here,
His table vyes not standing with his chear.
His Churchings, Christnings, in this meal are all,
And not transcrib'd, but in th' Originall,
Christmas is no feast moveable: for lo
The self-same dinner was ten years ago;
'Twill be immortall, if it longer stay,
The Gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.

But stay a while, unless my whinyard fail
Or is enchanted, I'll cut off th' inrail,
Saint George for England then, have at the mutton,
When the first cut calls me blood-thirsty glutton:
What *Ajax* with his anger quodl'd brain
Killing a sheep thought *Agamemnon* slain,
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his rost,
I am n'rably butcher up mine host:
Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon

Makes

Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his capon,
Cut a Gooseleg, and the poor soul for moan
Turns creeple too, and after stands on one.

Have you not heard the abominable sport
A *Lancaster* Grand Jury will report?
The souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
Whips off great Pussies leg, which by some charm
Proves the next day such an old womans arme:
'Tis so with him, whose carcase never escapes,
But still we flash them in a thousand shapes:
Our serving men, like Spaniels range, to spring
The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.
Should he on vvidgeon, and on vvodecock feed,
It were (*Thyestes* like) on his own breed,

To pork he pleads a superstition due,
But not a mouth is muzzled by the Jew.
Sawces we should have none, had he his wish,
The Oranges i'th margent of the dish,
He with such Hucsters tells them o're and o're
Th' *Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more,

But being eaten now into despair,
Having nought else to do, he falls to prayer.
As thou didst once put on the form of Bull
And turn'st thy *Ioto* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef
May live to comfort me in all this grief:
But no *Amen* was said: See, see it comes,
Draw boys, let trumpets sound and strike up drums,
See how his blood doth with the gravy swim,
And every trencher has a limb of him.
The Ven'fons now in view, our hounds spend deeper,
Strange Deer which in the Pasty hath a keeper
Stricter then in the Park, making his guest
(As he had stoln't alive) to steal it drest:
The scent wa. hot, and we pursuing faster,
Then *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chac'd their Master,
A double prey at once may seize upon,

Athen and his Case of Venison.

Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worse,
Death serves him up now for a second course.

Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd only to save his meat.

A Young Man to an Old Wo- man Courting him.

P EACE Beldam Eve surcease thy suit ;
There's no temptation in such fruit.
No rotten medlers, whilst there be
V Whole Orchards in *Virginity*.
Thy stock is too much out of date
For tender plants t' inoculate.
A match with thee the bridegroom fears,
Would be thought int'rest in his years.
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odd money to thy Grandam summe.
Can vvedlock know so great a curse
As putting husbands out to Nurse ?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would mistake,
And cry new Almanacks for our sake ?
Time sure hath wheel'd about his year,
December meeting *Januwer*.
Th' Egyptian Serpent figures time,
And stript, returns unto his Prime :
If any affection thou would'st win,
First cast thy Hyeroglyphick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy smack.
I count that primitive imbrace,
As out of fashion as thy face.
And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
Thy fornications alassicall.
Our sports will differ : thou may'st play,
Leero, and I *Alphonso* way.
I me no Translator ; have no veyn

To turn a woman young again:
 Unless you'll grant the Taylor's due,
 To see the fore-bodies be new:
 I love to wear cloaths that are flush,
 Not prefacing old rags with plush:
 Like Aldermen, or monster Sheriffs,
 With canvas backs and velvet sleeves:
 And just such discord there would be
 Betwixt thy Skeleton and me,
 Go study salve, and treacle, ply
 Your tenants leg, or his fore eye;
 Thus marrons purchase credit, thank
 Six penny-worth of Mountebank.
 Or chew thy cood on some delight
 Thou takest in thy *Eighty Eight*.
 Or be but bed-rid once, and then
 Thou'lt dream thy youthfull sins agen:
 But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,
 First hearken, and attend thy vows,
*When Aetna's fires shall undergo
 The penance of the Alps in snow,
 When Sol at one blast of his horn
 Posts from the Crab to Capricorn,
 When th' heavens shuffe all in one,
 The Torrid with the frozen zone,
 When all these contradictions meet,
 Then (Sybill) thou and I will meet.*
 For all these families do hold
 In my young heat, and thy dull cold;
 Then if a Fever be so good
 A Pimp as to inflame thy blood,
 Hymen shall twist thee, and thy page
 The distinct Tropick of mans age,
 VVell (Madam time) be ever bald,
 I'll not thy Perywig be call'd,
 I'll never be 'read of a lover,
 An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who askt
why he was dumb.

Stay, should I answer (Lady) then
In vain would be your question.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor speech (on neither hand)
Can satisfie this strange demand.

Yet since your will throws me upon
This wished contradiction,
I'll tell you how I did become
So strangely (as you hear me) dumb.

Ask but the chap-falne Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
For heat of conscience all men hold,
Is th' only way to catch their cold;
How should loves zealot then forbear
To be your silenc'd Minister?

Nay your Religion, which doth grant
A worship due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To such an hallow'd excellence;
As th' English Dialect would vary
The goodnesse of an *Avy Mary*.

How can I speak, that twice am checkt
By this and that Religious Sect?

Still dumb, and in your face I spy
Still cause, and still Divinity

As soone as blest with your salme,
My manners taught me to be mute;
For, least they cancell all the blisse,
You sign'd with so divine a kisse,
The lips you seal must needs consent

Unto the tongues imprisonment
My tongue in hold, my voyce doth rise

With a strange *E-la* to my eyes,
Where it gets bail, and in that sense
Begins a new-found Eloquence :
O listen with attentive sight,
To what my prating eyes indite :
Or (Lady) since 'tis in your choyce,
To give, or to suspend my voyce,
VVith the same key set ope the door
VVherewith you lockt it fast before ?
Kisse once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muse shall write with Handmaids dory
The Golden Legend of your beauty.
He, whom his dumnesse now confines,
But means to speak the rest by signs.

A Faire N Y M P H scorning.
a Black Boy Courting her.

Nymph. S T and off, and let me take the ayr,
Why should the smoak pursue the fair ?

Boy. My face is smoak, thence may be guess't.
VVhat flames within have scorch'd my brest,

Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps loves taper,
Surer then yours that's of white paper.

Whatever mid-night hath been here,
The Moon-shine of your light can clear.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'raid,
If thou shouldst interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy for me a new false Mask.

Nymph. Yes; but my bargain shall be this,
I'll throw my Mask off when I kisse.

Boy. Our curl'd embraces shall delight,
To chequer limbs with black and white.

Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me guess,

Our nuptial bed will make a presse;

And in our sports if any came,

They, I read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my black thy love impair?

Let the dark shop commend thy ware:

Or if thy love from black forbears,

I'll strive to wash it off with tears.

Nymph. Spare fruitlesse tears, since thou must needs

Sull wear about thee mourning weeds:

Tears can no more affections win,

Then wash thy Ethiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS upon the &c. in the OATH.

Sir Roger, from a zealous piece of Freeze,

Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;

Whose yearly Audit may by strict accompt,

Two twenty Nobles of his Vails amount;

Fed on the common of the female charity,

Unrill the Scots can bring about their parity;

So shotten, that his soul like to himself,

VValks but in *Querpo*: this same Clergy Elf,

Encount'ring with a brother of the Cloth,

Fell presently to Cudgells with the Oath:

The quarell was a strange mishapen monster,

&c. (God blesse us) which they conster,

The brand upon the buttock of the Beast.

The Dragons tayl ty'd on a knot, a nest,

Of young *Apocryphes*, the fashion

Of a new metall Reservation.

While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other

winks and expounds, saying, my pious brother,

Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,

I never read on't, but I fasted twice,

And so by Revelation know it better

Then all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter!

With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theam,

Like great *Goliath* with his weavers beam:

POEMS.

I say to thee &c. thou ly'st,
 Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist:
 Rubbish of Babel, for who will not say
 Tongues were confounded in &c.
 Who swears &c. swears more oaths at once.
 Then Cerberus out of his triple Sconce,
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
 The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.
 Accurst &c. thou, for now I scent
 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant.
 Oh *Booker, Booker*, how can'st thou to lack
 This sign in thy prophetick Almanack?
 It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernall plot
 Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soone descry it
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it;
 'Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
 Shall keep another fifth day of November,
 Yet here's not all. I cannot half untruss
 &c. it's so abominous.
 The *Trojan Nag* was not so fully lin'd,
 Unrip &c. and you shall find
 Of the great Commissary, and which is worse,
 Th' Apparatour upon his skewbal'd horse.
 Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
 &c. will be too far to swear:
 For 'tis (to speak in a familiar style)
 A Yorkshire wea-bir, longer then a mile.
 Then Roger was inspir'd, and by Gods diggers,
 Hee'l swear at words in large, and not in figures.
 Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loth
 To leave &c. in this liquid Oath.
 His brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.
 So they drunk on, not offering to part
 Till they had quite sworn out th' eleventh quart;
 While all that saw and heard them, jointly pray,
 They and their tribe were all &c.

SMECTYMNUS or the CLUB-DIVINE.

Smectymnus ? the Goblin makes me start :
 I'th Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art ?
Syriack ? or *Arabick* ? or *Welsh* ? what skill ?
 Apall the Bricklayers that Babel built.
 Some Conjuror translate, and let me know it :
 Till then 'tis fit for a west-saxon Poet.
 But do the brother-hood then play their prizes,
 Like Mummers in Religion with disguises ?
 Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
 A name, which if 'twere train'd would spread a mile ?
 The Saints Monopoly, the zealous cluster,
 Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,
 And shoots his quills at Bishops and their sees,
 A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
 Thus Jack-of-all-trades hath devoutly shown
 Thetwelve Apostles on a cherry-stone.
 Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treasons fashion ;
 Now we have Heresie by Complication.
 Like to *Don Quixote's* Rosary of slaves
 Strung on a chain ; a Murnivall of knaves
 Pakt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,
 Or like Colleagues, which sit all of a side :
 So the vain satyrists stand all a row ;
 As hollow teeth upon a Lute-string show.
 Th' *Italian* monster pregnant with his brother,
 Natures *Dyscrasis*, half one another.
 He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,
 Must both give way unto *Smectymnus*.
 Next *Stowbridge-faire* is *Smece's* ; for lo his side
 Into a five-fold *Lazarus* multipl'd.
 Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyssard,
 Five faces lurk under one single vizzard.
 The whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,

Heirs of confusion by Gavelkind,
 I think *Pythagoras*'s soul is rambl'd hither,
 With all the change of Rayment on together;
Smee is her generall vvard-robe, thence I not dare
 To think of him as of a thorough fare;
 He stops the Gossiping Dame; alone he is
 The purlen of a *Metempsychosis*.

Like a Scotch mark, where the more modest sense
 Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13. pence,
 Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whole flame,
 Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same;
 Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spell'd,
 Into one man are monosyllabled.
 Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
 Like to the Decalogue in a single-penny.

See, see how close the curs hunt under sheet,
 As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet.
 One cure and five Incumbents leap a trust,
 The title sure must be litigious,
 The *Sadduces* would raise a question,
 Who must be *Smee* at the Resurrection.
 Who cook'd them up together were to blame,
 Had they but wire-drawn, and spun out their name
 'T would make another Prentices Petition
 Against the Bishops, and their superstition.

Robson and *French* (that count from five to five
 As far as nature fingers did contrive,
 She saw they would be seffers, that's the cause
 She cleft their hoof into so many claws)
 May tyre their carret bunch, yet ne're agree
 To rate *Smectymnus* for Polcmomy.

Caligula, whose pride was mankind's bail,
 As who disdain'd to murder by retail;
 Wishing the world had but one generall neck.
 His glutton blade might have found game in *Smee*,
 No eccho can improve the Author more,
 Whose lungs pay use on use to halfe a score.
 No Fellow is more letter'd, though the brand

Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.
 Some welsh-man was his God-father, for he
 VVears in his name his Genealogy.
 The Banespre skt, would but the time give way,
 Betwixt *Smellymuns* and *Et cetera*.
 The guests invined by a friendly summons,
 Should be the convocation and the commons,
 The Priest to tye the Foxes tails together,
Mafloy, or *Santa Clara*, chuse you whether.
 See, what an off-spring every one expects!
 What strange pluralities of men and leets?
 One sayes her'l get a Vestery, another
 Is for a Synod: But upon the mother:
 Faith cry *S. George*, let them go to't, and stiekle,
 Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle,
 Thus might religions caterwaul, and spight,
 VVhich uses to divorce, might once unite,
 But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade,
 The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displai'd:
 My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milke;
 So many cards i'th flock, and yet be bilke?
 I could by letters now unewist the rabble;
 VVhip *Smee* from Constable to Constable.
 But there I leave you to another dressing,
 Only kneel down, and take your fathers blessing:
 May the *Queen-Mother* iustifie your fears,
 And stretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The

The mixt Assemblies

Flea-bitten Synod; an Assembly brew'd
 Of Clerks and Elders one, liketherude
 Chaos of Presbit-ry, where Lay-men guide
 With the tame wool-paek Clergy by their side,
 Who ask the Banes' twixt these discolour'd maces;
 A strange Crotesco this, the Church and States
 Most divine tick-tack in a pyc-bald crew,
 To serve as table-men of divers hue.
 She that conceiv'd an *Ethiopian* heir
 By picture, when the parents both were fair,
 At sight of you had born a dappled son,
 You chequering her imagination.
 Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
 Had brought forth speckled, and ring-streaked lambs,
 Like an Impropropriators Motley kind,
 Whose scarlet Coat is with a cassock lin'd.
 Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
 Sure of his Clergy e're they did the deed.
 Like *Royston* crows, who are (as I may say)
 Fryers of both the Orders *Black* and *Grey*.
 So mixt they are, one knows not whetbers thicker,
 A Layre of *Burgesse* or a Layre of *Vicar*.

Have they usurp'd what Royall *Judah* had?
 And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *God*?
 The Scepter and the Crosier are the crutches,
 Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,
 Will fail the Cripple state. And wert not pity
 But both should serve the yardwand of the City?
 That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit
 Judge of *us* *Isa* and *Elegit*.

Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn!
 The Misselany satyr, and the fawn,
 And all the adulteries of twisted nature,
 But faintly represent this ridling feature.

whose

Whose members being not tallies, they'l not own
 Their fellows at the Resurrection.
 Strange Scarlet Doctors these, they'l passe in story
 For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory ;
 Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where their joynly rules
 The fading fables, and the coming gules.
 The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lewdly shows
 Tormented in the flames of *Bardolph's* Nose,
 Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
 This shoulder *John-a-stiles*, that *John-a-Nokes* :
 Like Jews and Christians in a ship together,
 With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either.
 Like their intended Discipline to boot,
 Or whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot :
 Such may their strip-stuff-hangings seem to be,
 Sacriledge matcht with Codpiece symony ;
 Be sick and dream a little, you may then
 Phansie these Linie-vwoolie Vestry men.

Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
 Such company perchance may spoyle thy swearing ?
 And these Drum-major oaths of Bulk unruly,
 May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
 He that the Noble *Percys* blood inherits,
 Will he strike up a *Hot-spur* of the spirits ?
 Hce'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
 With his uncircumcised *Algernon* :
 A name so stubborn, 'tis not to be scan'd
 By him in *Gath* with the sixfinger'd hand.

See, they obey the Magick of my words.
Presto, they're gone, and now the house of Lords
 Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg.
 But with three teeth, like to a tripple gagg.

A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Melding and doxy *Marshall* first advance,
Twisse blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving brace
 Puts on the traces, and treads cinque-a-pace.
 Then *Say and Seal* must his old hamstrings supple,
 And he and rump'd *Palmer* make a couple.

Palmer's

P O E M S.

Palmer's a fruitfull girl, it hee'l unfold her,
 The mid-wife may find work about her shoulder.
Kimbolton that rebellious *Banmerges*,
 Must be content to saddle *Doctor Burges* :
 If *Burges* get a clap, 'tis nere the worse,
 But the fift time of his *Compurgators*.
Nel bowls is coy, good sadnesse cannot dance
 But in obedience to the Ordinance.
 Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Lidy*,
 Like the full Moon hath made his Lordship giddy :
Pym and the *Members* must their giblets levy,
 T' incounter *Madam Smee* that single *Bevy*.
 If they two truck together, will not be
 A Child-birth, but a *Goal-delivery*.
 Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
 But *Seiden*, hee's a Galliard by himself,
 And well may be, there's more Divines in him
 Then in all this their Jewish *Sanhedrim* :
 Whose Canons in the forge shall then bear date
 When *Muses* their Cogen *Germans* generate.
 Thus *Moses* law is violated now,
 The Ox and the Ass go yok'd in the same plow :
 Relinquish thy Coach-box *Twisse* ; *Brook's* Preacher, he
 would sort the beasts with more conformity,
 Water and earth make but one Globe a Round-head
 Is Clergy Lay Party per-pals compounded.

The Kings Disguise.

A ND why a Tenant to this vile disguise,
 which who but sees blasphems thee with his eyes ?
 My twins of light within their penthouse shrink ;
 And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
 Oh for a state distinction to arraign
 Charles of high Treason 'gainst my Sovereign.
 What an usurper to his Prince is wont,
 Cloyster and shave him, he himself hath don't.
 His muffled feature speaks him a recluse,

His

His ruines prove him a religious house.
 The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp;
 And Majesty defac't the Royall stamp.
 Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
 But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all?
 As if thy Blacks were of too faint a dye,
 VVithout the tincture of Tautology.
 Flay an Egyptian for his Cassocks skin
 Spun of his Countreys darknesse, line't within
 With Presbyterian budge, that drownsie trance,
 The Synod sable foggy ignorance.
 Nor bodily nor ghostly Negro could
 Rough-cast thy figure in a sader mould:
 This Privy-chamber of thy shape will be
 But the close mourner of thy Royalty.
 'Twill break the circle of thy jaylors spell,
 A Pearl within a rugged Oyfter shell.
 Heaven, which the Minister of thy person owns,
 VVill fine thee for Delapidations:
 Like to a martyr'd Abbeyes courser doom,
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon room,
 Or like the Colledge by the changeling riable,
Manchesters Elves, transform'd into a stable,
 Or if there be a prophanaion higher,
 Such is the sacrilege of thine attire.
 By which th' art half depos'd, thou look'st like one
 VVhose looks are under Sequestration.
 VVhose Renegado form, at the first glance,
 Shews like the self-denying Ordinance.
 Angell of light, and darknesse too, I doubtr,
 Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without;
 Majestick twy-light in the state of grace,
 Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different mint,
 A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print.
 The Sun wears mid-night, day is beetle brow'd,
 And lightning is in Kalender of a cloud:
 Oh the accurst Stenography of fate!

The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat:
 What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
 That shrinks his rayes to this Apostacy?
 It is no subtile film of riffany ay,
 No cob-web vizard, such as Ladies wear,
 When they are veil'd on purpose to be seen,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquish'd screen;
 Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough
 Metall, and three pil'd darknesse, like the slough
 Of an imprisoned flame, 'tis *Faux* in grain,
 Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
 Hell belit the damp, the *Warwick-Castle-Vote*
 Rang *Britains* Curfeu; so our light went out.
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick feters:
 Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick;
 Sure they would fit the body Politique,
 False beard enough to fit a stages plot,
 For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot.
 Nay all his properties so strange appear,
 Y'are not i'th' presence, though the King be there!
 A Libell is his dresse, a garb uncouth,
 Such as the *Hue and Cry* once purg'd at mouth,
 Scribling assassinate, thy lines attest
 An ear-mark due, Cub of the blatant beast,
 Whose wrath before, 'tis syllabled for woe,
 Is blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.
 The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind
 Wasting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
 It to the barque, which at the voyage end
 Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.
 But I'll not dub thee with a glorious scar,
 Nor sink thy scullar with a man of war.
 The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this flandering suit,
 Both do alike in picture execute.
 But since we're all call'd Papists, why not date
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?
 As Temples use to have their Porches wrought

With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzzling Pourtraitures, to shew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
Clark of this Closet to your Majesty;
Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dresse
I see the Gospell coucht in Parables.
At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripen,
And shewes Religion in it's dusky types.
Such a Text Royall, so obscure a shade,
VVas *Solomon* in Proverbs all Array'd.

Come all the brars of this expounding age,
To whom the spirit is in pupillage;
You that damn more then ever *Sampson* slew,
And with his engine, the same jaw-bone too;
How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
Hence Cabinet- intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim Jewells with your *Bristoll*-sence:
And Characters like VVitches, so torment,
Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent;
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
None but *S. Peter*'s ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight
Critick Spectators with redundant light.
A Prince most seen, is least: what Scriptures call
The Revelation, is most mysticall.
Mount then thou shadow royall, and with hast
Advance thy morning star, *Chark*'s overcast.
May thy strange journey contradictions twist,
And force fair weather from a Scottish mist,
Heav'ns Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd sages
To interpret Eclipse, thus ryding stages.
Thus *Israhel* like he travells with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him, and a shroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews,
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shoes.

S C O T,

HOW! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew,
 Then Madam nature wears black patches too;
 What? shall our Nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a Countrey Quire
 Shall quench my rage: A Poet should be fear'd
 VVhen angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
 To see his Countrey sick of *Pym's* disease
 By Scotch invasion, to be made a prey
 To such *Pig-wiggin Myrmidons* as they?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of *Scot* without an antidote,
 VVlesse my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poyson too.
 VVere I a drowsie Judge, whose dismall noie
 Disgorgeth halsters as a Juglers throat
 Doth ribbands: could I (in *Sir Emp'rick stone*)
 Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction,
 Or roar like *Marshall*, that *Genevab Bull*,
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full:
 Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must (like *Hocms*) swallow daggers first.
 Come keen *Iambicks* with your badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet.
 Help ye tart Satyrists, to imp my rage,
 VVith all the Scorpions that should whip this age:
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch till the blood come; they'l not hurt you then.
 Now as the Martyrs were inforc't to take
 The shape of beasts, like hypocrites, at stake,
 I'll bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes,

A Scot within a beast is no disguise.

No more then *Ireland* brag, her harmlesse Nation
Fosters no Venom, since the Scots plantation;

Nor can our teign'd antiquity maintain;

Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again:

The Scot that kept the Tower, might have shown
(Within the grate of his own brest alone)

The Leopard and the Panther, and ingross

What all those wild Collegiates had cost:

The honest high-shoes, in their ternly fees

First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.

Nature her self doth Scotch-men beasts confesse,

Making their Countrey such a wilderness:

A Land that brings in question and suspense

Gods omnipresence, but that *Charles* came thence:

But that *Montrose* and *Crawfords* loyall band

Attend their sins, and christ'ned half the Land;

Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots;

There is a Church, as well as Kirk of Scots:

As in a picture where the squinting paint

Shews fiend on this side, and on that side saint:

He that saw hell in's melancholy dream,

And in the twy-light of his fancy's beam,

Scar'd from his sins repented in a fright,

Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd Proselite.

A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,

O may they never suffer banishment!

Had *Cain* been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom,

Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.

Like Jews they spread, and as infection flye,

As if the devill had Ubiquity.

Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and desie

This or that place, rags of Geography.

They're Citizens o' th world; they're all in all,

Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.

And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode

How to be dress'd, or how to lisp abroad;

To return knowing in the Spanish thrug,

Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
 Resembles most in belly, or in beard.

(The Card by which the Marriners are steer'd.)

No; the Scots-Errant fight, and fight to eat;

Their *Estridge-stomachs* make their *swords* their *meat*;

Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,

Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choyce;

The Serpent's fatall still to *Paradise*,

Sure *England* hath the Hemeroyds, and these

On the North posture of the patient seize,

Like Leeches, thus they physically thirst

After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.

Let them not think to make us run o'th score,

To purchase Villanage as once before.

When an Act pass'd to stroak them on the head,

Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Nor gold, nor acts of grace, 'tis steel must tame

The stubborn Scot: a Prince that would reclaim

Rebells by yielding, doth like him, (or worse)

Who saddled his own back, to shame his horse,

Was it for this you left your leaner soyl,

Thus to lard *Israel* with *Egypt's* spoyl?

They are the Gospels Life-guard, but for them,

The Garrison of new Jerusalem,

What would the Brethren do? the cause! the cause!

Sack possters, and the fundamentall Laws!

Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts!

How a Scotch-stomach, and no meat, converts!

Then wanted food, and rayment; so they took

Religion for their Seamstresse, and their Cook,

Unmask them well; their honours and estate,

As well as conscience are sophisticate.

Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,

A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noyse,

When constru'd but for a plain Yecornage,

And a good sober two-pence, and well sold

Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,

You Picks in Gentry and devotion:
 You scandoll to the stock of Verse, a race
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace,
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
 The Indian, that heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
 Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
 He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between:
 My Muse hath done, A Volder for the nonce;
 I wrong the divell, should I pick their bones.
 That d.sh is his; for when the Scots deccase,
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
 A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
 Drops in *Styx*, and turns a Solon-Goose.

The Scots Apostasie.

I S't come to this? what shall the cheeks of Fame,
 Stretcht with the breath of learned *Londons* name,
 Be flag'd again; and that great piece of sence,
 Asrich in Loyalty, as Eloquence,
 Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
 Like Chomists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
 The devill sure such language, did atchieve
 To cheat our un-fore-warned Grandam Eve,
 As this Imposture found out, to be for
 Th'experienc'd *English* to believe a Scot,
 Who reconcil'd the Covenants double sence?
 The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
 Or did you doubt persistence in one good
 Would spoile the fabrick of your brotherhood,
 Projected first in such a forge of sin,
 Was fit for the grand devills hammering?
 Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
 Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
 The infamy this super treason brings
 Blasts more then murders of your sixty Kings.
 A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,

Those

Those hold with this no competition.
 Kings only suffer'd then, in this doth lye
 The Assassination of *Monarchy*.
 Beyond this sin no one step can be trod;
 If not t' attempt deposing of your God.
 Oh were you so engag'd, that we might see
 Heavens angry lightning 'bove your ears to flee,
 Till you were shrivel'd to dust; and your cold Land
 Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* sand!
 But 'tis reserv'd, till heaven plague you worse,
 Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.
 First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends
 Your power hath banded, cease to count you friends
 And prompted by the dictate of their reason,
 Reproach the *Traitors*, though they hug the *Treason*.
 And may their jealousies increase and breed,
 Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*:
 In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be
 A stigmatizing brand of infamy;
 Till forc't by generall hate, you cease to roome
 The world, and for a plague to live at home
 Till you resume your poverty, and be
 Reduc'd to beg, where none can be so free
 To grant; and may your scabby Land be all
 Translated to a generall Hospitall.
 Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
 To give you comfort of a summers day;
 But as a guerdon for your traiterous war,
 Live cherisht only by the Northern star,
 No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,
 And be to all but banisht men, as lost.
 And such in heightning of the infliction due,
 Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
 Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
 But Power, your lives and liberties may aw,
 No Subject mongst you keep a quiet brest,
 But each man strive through blood to be the best;
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought;

By your own sword your just revenge be wrought;
 To sum up all—let your Religion be,
 As your Allegiance, mas'k hypocrisie;
 Untill, when Charles shall be compos'd in dust,
 Perfum'd with Epithetes of good and just;
 He sav'd, incens'd heaven may have forgot
 T' afford one act of mercy to a Scot.
 Unless that Scot deny himself, and do
 (Whats easier far) renounce his Nation too.

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet!
 Or had the Legislative knack to do it!
 Or like the Doctors Militant, could ger
 Dub'd at adventures Verser Banneret!
 Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my rimers
 Their own Antipodies, and track the times;
Faces about, sayes the Remonstrant Spirit;
 Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the sage Recorder
 Might be a surgeon now, and passe by Order.
 Had I but *Elings* gift (that splay-mouth'd brother)
 That declares one way, and yet means another:
 Could I but write a squint; then (Sir) long since
 You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince*.
 I had observ'd the language of the dayes;
 Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase
 With humble service, and such other Fustion,
 Belts which ring backward in this great combustion.
 I had revil'd you, and without offence,
The Literall, and *Equitable Sence*,
 Would make it good: when all fails, that will do'r;
 Sure that distinction clef't the devils foot.
 This were my Dialect, would your highnesse please
 To read me but with Hebrew spectacles;
 Interpret Counter, what his crosse rehears'd;
 Libells are commendations when reyers'd.
 Just as an Optique glasse contracts the sight

At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply:
 But you're enchanted, Sir, you're doubly free
 From the great guns, and Iquibbing Poetry:
 Who neither Bilbo, nor invention pierces,
 Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of Verses.
 Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your Mail;
 If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
 At that known Leaguer, where the bonny *Besses*
 Supplied the bow-strings with their twisted tresses,
 Your spels could ne're have fenc'd you: ev'ry arrow
 Had lanc'd your noble brest and drunk the marrow;
 For beauty like white powder makes no noise;
 And yet the silent hypocrite destroys.
 Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
 Lest *Wharson* tell his Gossips of the City,
 That you kill women too; nay maids, and such
 Their *Generall wangs Militia* to touch.
 Impotent *Sex*! is it not a shame
 Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,
 Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? may she be
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather then sav'd by thee.
 But why, my Muse, like a green-sickesse Girl,
 Feed'st thou on coals and dirt, a gueliding Earle
 Gives no more relish to thy female palat,
 Then to that ass did once the thistle-salat.
 Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
 Thou and thy sisters like bright *Amazons*,
 Give *Rupert* an alarum, *Rupert*! one
 Whose name is wits Superfecundation.
 Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
 Unite all valour, present, past to come.
 He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
 That voted down plurality of souls,
 He breaths a grand Committee, all that were
 The wonders of their age, constellate here;
 And as the elder sisters growth and sence
 (Souls paramount themselves) in man commence
 But faculty of reasons Queen, no more

Are they to him, who were compleat before;
 Ingredients of his vertue thred the beads
 Of *Cæsars* acts, great *Pompeys* and the *Sweeds*;
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Rupert's* hand,
 By which that vast triumvirate is spand'd,
 Here, here is *Palmestry*; here you may read
 How long the world shall live, and when't shall bleed,
 What ever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath:
 For nature rais'd him out of the *Publike Faith*,
Pandora's brother to make up whose store,
 The *Gods* were fain to run upon the score.
 Such was the *Printers Brieve* for *Fenn* face;
Item an eye from *Iane*, a lip from *Grace*,
 Let *Isaac* and his *Cit'z* flea of the place
 That tips their *Antlers* for the calf of *Stace*?
 Let the zeal twanging nose that wants a ridge,
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge:
 Yes, and the gossip spoon augment the sum,
 Although poor *Caleb* lose his *Christendom*;
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
 Which their self-wants payes in commuting pelf.
 Pardon great Sir; for that ignoble crew
 Gains, when made bankrupts in the scales with you.
 As he whom in his character of light
 Stil'd in *Gods shadow* made it far more bright
 By an Eclipse so glorious, (light is dim
 And a black nothing, when compar'd to him:)
 So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* foil,
 And a just trophée too be made his spoil:
 I'll pin my faith on the *Diurnals* sleeve
 Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
 The *Conquests* which the *Common-Council* hears
 With their wide list'ning mouth from the great *Peers*,
 That ran away in triumph, such a foe
 Can make them victors in their overthrow.
 Where providence and valour meet in one,
 Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,
 That he revives the quærell once again

POEMS.

Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain;
 And leaves it a drawn match; whose fervor can
 Hatch him, whom nature poach'd but half a man;
 His trumpet, like the Angells at the last,
 Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.
 'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man
 As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
 Whose right hand should a populous land contain;
 The left should be a channell to the main:
 His spirit might inform th' amphibious figure,
 Yet straight-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger:
 The terror of whose name can out of seven
 (Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
 Thus some grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
 By being slain, are made more numerous.
 No wonder they'l confesse no losse of men;
 For *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gig agen.
 They fear the Giblets of his train, they fear
 Even his Dog, that four-leg'd *Cavalier*:
 He that devours the scraps that *Londsford* makes,
 Whose picture feeds upon a child in *Sakes*:
 Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
 But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pim*.
 'Gainst whom they have severall Articles in soufe;
 First that he barks against the fence o'th House.
Resolv'd Delinquens, to the tower straight,
 Either to th' *Lions*, or the *Bishops Grate*.
 Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th tail,
 But there the sisterhood will be his bail,
 At least the Countesse will. *Lust's Amsterdam*,
 That lets in all religious of the game.
 Thirdly, he smells intelligence, that's better,
 And cheaper too then *Pym's* from his own Letter:
 Who's doubly payd) fortune, or we the blinder?)
 For making plots, and then for *Fox* the finder.
 Lastly, he is a devill without doubt;
 For when he would lye down, he wheels about;
 Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,

And

And therefore score up one for conjuring. Act 1
 What canst thou say, thou wretch? O Quarter, quar-
 I'me but an instrument, a meer *S. Arthur*.
 If I must hang, O let not our fates vary;
 Whose office 'tis alike, to fetch and carry.
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
 That strung the Jesuits, will dispatch a cur.
 Were I a devil, as the *Rebell* fears,
 I see the House would try me by my Peers;
 There *Iowler*, there I ha *Iowler*! 't 'tis nought;
 What e're the accusers cry, they're at a fault;
 And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,
 Then when the glorious *Stafford* stood at bay.

Thus Labels but annex to him we see,
 Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
S. Peters shadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is such,
 'Twould find *S. Peters* work, yet wound as much:
 Hegags their Guns, defeats their dire intent,
 The Canons do but lisp and complement,
 Sure *Iove* descended in a leaden showre
 To get his *Persæus*: hence the fatall power
 Of thot is strangled: bullets thus ally'd,
 Fear to commit an act of Parricide.
 Go on brave Prince, and make the world confesse,
 Thou art the greater world, and that the lesse.
 Scatter th' accumulative King, untrusse
 That five-fold fiend, the States *Smeſymnus*;
 Who place Religion in their Vellam ears,
 As in their Phylasters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradise (and a modest Word)
 Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming sword.
 Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers;
 And cure the Chin-cough better then the bears.
 Old *Sybil* charms the Tooth-ach with you: *Nurse*
 Makes you still children; and the pondrous curse
 The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you,
 (*Now Rupert take thee, Rogue; how dost thou do?*)
 In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow. Epi-

Epitaph on the Earle of STAFFORD.

Here lyes wise and valliant dust,
 Huddled up 'twixt fit and just
 Stafford, who was hurried hence
 'Twixt treason and convenience.
 He spent his time here in a mist,
 A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
 His Prince's nearest Joy and Grief,
 He had, yet wanted all relief.
 The Prop and Ruine of the State,
 The peoples violent love and hate :
 One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd.
 Riddles lye here, or in a word,
 Here lyes blood, and let it lye
 Speechlesse still, and never cry.

Epitaphium Thomæ Comitæ Staf- fordii, &c.

Exurge Cinis; tuumq; solum qui potes es scribe Epitaphium
 Nequis Wentworthi non esse facundus vel Cinis
 Effare Marmor : & quem capisti comprehendere,
 Malle & Expressere.
 Candidius meretur urna quam quod rubrum.
 Notatum est literis Elogium,
 Atlas Regiminis Monarchici hic iacet lassus :
 Secunda Orbis Britannici intelligentia :
 Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ,
 Staffordii, & Virtutum, Comes :
 Mens Jovis, Mercurii ingenium, & lingua Apollinis :
 cui Adglia Hiberniam debuit, seipsam Hibernia.
 Sydus Aquilonicum; quo sub rupicundâ vespere occidente,
 Nox simul & dies visa est : dentrôque oculo fleuit,
 Lædôque latata est Anglia.
 Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena cabarrosa Virentis
 Afforibus,

*Astoribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ ternis animosa Regnis non vixit tamen,
Sed oppressit.*

*Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Bellæ (vel sic) multorum Capium:
Merces favoris Scoti, prætor perunius:
Erubuit utatigit securis,*

*Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum narro: fuit tam insensum Legibus,
Ut perius Legem quam nata foret, violavit:
Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,
Verùm Necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi Viator, cætera memorabunt poster.*

On the Arch Bishop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
He brews his tears that studies to lament,
Versè chymically weeps, that pious rain
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o' th' brain,
Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd our by soft division?
'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
Not *Bushells* Wells can match a Poets eyes:
In wanton water-works hee'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* jig up to the spheres,
But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publike, we may call
It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funerall.
who hath a Penfill to expresse the paine?
But he hath eyes too, washing of the paine?
There is no learning but what tears surround,
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that shee's increast to none:
Like an *Hydropick* body full of *Rheums*,
First swells into a bubble, then consumes,
The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,

And

And by a Law dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.
 The *Liturgie*, whole doom was voted next,
 Dyed as a Comment upon him the text.
 There's nothing lives; life is since he is gone,
 But a Nocturnall Lucubration.
 Thus you have seen deaths inventory read
 In the sum totall——*Canterburie's dead.*
 A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
 Himself a Convert in his bleeding eye.
 Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours,
 (That which *Agnes* like weeps and devours)
 Tears that flow blackish from their souls within,
 Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
 Mean time no squalid grief his look defiles,
 He guilds his sadder face with noble smiles,
 Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams
 Shines in his showers, as if he wept his beams,
 How could success such villanies applaud?
 The state in *Stafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
 The twins of publikerage adjudg'd to dye,
 For treasons they should act, by Prophecie.
 The Facts were done before the Laws were made,
 The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.
 Be dull great spirits, and forbear to climb,
 For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.

No Church-man can be innocent and high,
 'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry.

On J. W. A. B. of Yorke.

SAY, my young Sophister, what think'st of this?
Chimera's reall; *Ergo falleris.*
 The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
 And here concorp-rate in one Prodigie.
 Call an *Haruspex* quickly; let him get
 Sulphur, and Torches, and a Lawrell wet,
 To purifie the place, for sure the harms
 This monster will produce, transcend his charms.
 'Tis Nature's Master-piece of error, this;

And

And redeems what ever she did amisse,
Before, from wonder and reproach, this last.
Legitimareth all her by-blows past.

Loe here a generall Metropolitan,
An arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,
Behold this pious Garbs, Canonique face,
A zealous *Episcopo-mastix* Grace;
A fair blew-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-sleav'd brother,
One leg a Pulpit holds, a tub the other.
Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th' Apostate once more Christian.
Protestis yet cannot call him? he put on
His change of shapes by a succession;
Nor the *Welsh weather cock*; for that we finde,
At once doth only wait upon the wind:
These speak him not, but if you'l name him right
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.
His head i'th sanctified mould is cast,
Yet sticks th' abominable Miser fast,
He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grate*,
And yet has got a reverend Elders place.
Such a fts must needs be his, who did devise
By crying Altars down, to sacrifice
To private malice; where you might have seen
His conscience holocausted to his spleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did share
Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and store.
Alas! thine own son proves the Forrest-bore,
And like the Dam-destroying Cuckow he,
When the thick shell of his Welsh pedigree,
By thy warm soft ring bounty did divide
And open, straight thence sprung forth Parricide:
As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatcht
In thee, by th' Monster which thy self hadst hatcht.
Despair not though, in Wales there may be got,
As well as Lincolnshire an antidote,
Gainst the foul'st venom he can spit, though's he ad

Were chang'd from subrill gray to poy's'nous red,
 Heaven with propitious eys will look upon
 Our party, now the curst thing is gone;
 And chaste Rebels, who nought else did misse
 To fill the measure of their sins, but his:
 Whose soul imparall'd apostacy,
 Like to his sacred character shall be
 Indellible, when ages then of late
 More happy grown with most impartiall fate,
 A period to his dayes and time shall give,
 He by such Epiraphs as this shall live,

*Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,
 who Gods Anoynted and his Church betraid.*

Mark Anthony.

VVhen the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
 And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the evening whispers,
 Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd;
 Where she before had sent
 My wishes complement,
 Vnto my hearts content,
 Playd with me on the Green,
 Never Mark Anthony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eys feasted,
 Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire:
 Next on her warm lips, which when I tasted,
 My duller spirits made as live as fire.
 Then we began to dart
 Each at anothers heart,
 Arrows that knew no smart;
 Sweet lips and smiles between.
 Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glasse to plate her amber tresses,
 Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,

Gaudier then *Juno* wears when as she graces
 Love with embraces more stately then warm.

Then did she peep in mine
 Bys humour Christalline;
 I in her eys was seen,
 As if we one had been.
 Never Mark, &c.

Mistical Grammer of amorous glances,
 Feeling of Pulses the Physick of Love.
 Rhetoricall courtings, and Muscail dances;
 Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.

Eys like Astronomy,
 Streight limb'd Geometry:
 In her hearts ingeny
 Our wits are sharp and keen.
 Never Mark, &c.

The Anthors Mock-Song to MARK ANTHONY.

VVhen as the Night-raven sung Pluto's Martins,
 And *Cerberus* cryed three Amens at a houl,
 When night-wandering Witches put on their pattins,
 Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul:

Then did the furies doom
 That the Night mare was come;
 Such a mis-shapen Groom
 Puts down *Su. Fomfret* clean.

Never did *In. ubus*
 Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
 As this foul Gypsie Quean:

First on her goosberry cheeks I mine eys blasted,
 Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
 Vnto her blewer lips, which when I tasted,
 My spirits were duller then Dun in the mire.

P O E M S.

49

But when her breath took place,
Which went an Vthers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may guesse what I mean,
Never did Incubus
Touch such a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gyptie Qucan.

Like snakes ingendring were plated her tresses,
Or like slimy streaks of ropy ale;
Vglier then Envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is periwig'd with adders tayl.
But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epicœne.
Never did, &c.

Mythicall Magick or conjuring wrinkles,
Feeling of pulses, the Palmestry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for Rhetorick twinkles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her nose weather-wise,
From them th' Almanack lyes,
Frost, Pond, and Rivers clean.
Never did, &c.

D 3

How

How the *Commencement* grows new.

IT is no *Corranto* news I undertake,
 New teacher of the town I mean not to make,
 No new England voyage my muse does intend,
 No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send,
 But if you'll be pleas'd to bear but this dirty
 I'll tell you some news as true and as witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Symony Doctours abound,
 All crowding to throw away forty pound,
 They'll now in their wives stammell petticoats vaper,
 Without any need of an argument draper,
 Beholding to none, he neither beseeches,
 This friend for Ven'son, nor tother for speeches.
And so the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
 Brings up his Easter book to chaffer,
 Nay some take degrees who never had steeple,
 Whose means like degrees comes from places of people,
 They come to the fair, and at the first pluck,
 The Toll-man Barnaby strikes'um good luck.
And so the Commencement grows new.

The Country persons come not up
 On Tuesday night in their old Colledge to sup,
 Their bellies and table books equally full,
 The next Lecture dinner their nores forth to pull;
 How bravely the *Margaret* Professor disputed,
 The Homilies urg'd, and the school men confuted.
And so the Commencement grows new.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
 To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
 With like admiration to eat roasted beef,
 Which invention pos'd his beyond-Trent belief:

Who should but hear our Organs once sound,
 Could scarce keep his hoof from Sallingers round,
And so the Commencement grows new.

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his latin,
 To look with some judgement at him that speaks latin,
 To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
 To answer O Lord Sir, and talk play books oaths,
 And at the next Bear-baiting, full (of his sack)
 To tell his Comrades our disciplin's slack.
And so the Commencement grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
 Ay marry Sir, when have we had any yet?
 Besides no serious Oxford men comes,
 To cry down the use of Jestling and Hums.
 Our ballad, believ't, is no stranger than true,,
Mun Salter is sober, and *Iack Martin* too.
And so the Commencement grows new.

I. C.

The Hue and Cry after Sir I O H N P R E S B Y T E R.

VVith Hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;
 With a splay mouth and a nose circumflex
 With a set Ruff of Musket-bore; that wears
 Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
 Exhausted of their sulphurious contents,
 In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents;
 The *Negative* and *covenanting* Oath,
 Like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth;
 The Bush upon his chin, (like a carv'd story,
 In a box knor) cut by the *Directory*;
 Madams Confession hanging at his ear,

Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How and where*
 Each circumstance, so in the hearing felt,
 That when his ears are cropt, hee'l count them guelt;
 The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
 A sign the *Presbiter's* worn to a stump:
 The *Presbyter*, though charm'd against mischance
 With the *Divine* right of an *Ordinance*.

If you meet any that do thus attire'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram;
 What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,
 That tare the *Rotchet* to such rags as these?
Episcopacy mine'd, reforming *Tweed*
 Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
 Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device
 That's nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.
 The *Beast* at wrong end branded you may trace
 The devills foot-steps in his cloven face.
 A face of severall Parishes and sorts,
 Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Innes of Court.
 What mean the *Elders* else, those Kirk Dragones,
 Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducats*?
 That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?
 Those new *Exchange* men of Religion?
 Sure they're the *Antick-heads*, which plac't without
 The Church, do gape and disemboque a spout:
 Like them above the *Commons House* have been
 So long without, now both are gotten in;
 Then, what imperious in the Bishops sounds,
 The same the *Scotch* *Executor* rebounds,
 This stating *Prelacy*, the *classick* rout,
 That spake it often, e're it spake it out;
So by an Abbies scheloton of late,
I heard an echo supererogate
Through imperfection, and the voyce restore,
As if she had the hicp o're and o're,
 Since they our mixt *Diocesans* combine
 Thus to ride double in their *Discipline*,
 That *Pauls* shall to the *Consistory* call

*A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers-Hall;
Each at the Ordinance for to assist
With the five thumbs of his great-changing fist.*

*Down Dagon Synod with th' motley ware,
Whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove-like Embassie, that wings our sence
To heavens gate in shape of innocence.
Pray for the Miter'd Authors and deise
These Demicasters of Divinity.
For where Sir John with Jack of all trades iognes,
His Finger's thicker than the Prelat's Loynes.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOR shame, thou everlasting Woer,
Still saying grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac'd,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waits
Vnlesse your flame confesse it's gender,
And your Parley cause surrender
Y'are salamanders of a cold desire,
That live untoucht amid the hottest fire.
What though she be a Dame of Stone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*;
As hard and un-relented she,
As the new-crusted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of statue carry,
A Nunne of the *Platonick Quarry*?
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.
For shame you pretty Female Elves,
Cease for to candy up your selves:
No more, you sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupid's Dart*,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart.

Loves votaries inthrall each others soul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Virtue's no more in Woman-kind
But the green sicknesse of the mind.
Phylosophy, their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal appetite,
There's no Sophistry prevails,
Where all-convincing love assails;
But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gamesters are to seek at sharp.

The souldier, that man of Iron,
Whom ribs of *Horror* all environ;
That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,
In whose embraces you're in chains.
Let a Magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Copids* Cuirasseer.
Love it tums his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
For all the Bristled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The breast-works of the firmest sex,
Come let's in affections riot;
Th are sickly pleasures keep a Dyet.
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Enoch't with formality;
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen
With the nice Caution of a sword between,

F U S:

35

POEMS.
FUSCARA,
OR
The BEE Errant,

Natures confessor, the Bee,
Whose suckets are moyst *Alchimie*,
The still of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into gold;
Having riss'd all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yields,
Ambitious now to take Excise,
Of a more fragrant Paradise,
At my *Fuscara's* fleece arriv'd,
Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
The ayry Free-booter distreins
First on the Violets of her Veins,
Whose tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kisse had made it bluer:
Here did he sit, and essence quaff,
Till her coy pulse had beat him off.
That Pulse, which he that feels may know
Whether the World's long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'net of transpiring Balm;
So soft, 'tis ayr but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd,
Here while his canting drone-pipe scan'd
The mystick figures of her hand
He typples Palmestry, and dives
On all her fortune telling lives.
He baths in blisse, and finds no odds
Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods.
He perches now upon her wrist,
A proper hawk for such a fist,
Making that flesh his bill of fare
Which hungry Canibals would spare.
Where Lillies in a lovely brown

Innoculate Carnation.
 He *Argent* skin with Or so stream'd
 As if the milky way were cream'd.
 From hence he to the wood-bine bends
 That quivers at her fingers ends,
 That runs division on the tree
 Like a thick branched pedigree.
 So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
 It is a pretty maze of flowers,
 It is the rose that bleeds when he
 Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
 About her finger he doth cling
 I'th' fashion of a wedding ring,
 And bids his Comrades of the swarm
 Crawl as a bracelet 'bout her arm.
 Thus when the hovering Publican
 Had suck'd the Toll of all her span,
 Tuning his draughts with drowsie hums,
 As Danes carowle by Kettle-drums.
 It was decreed that posy glean'd,
 The small familiar should be wean'd
 At this the Errants courage quails,
 Yet ayded by his native sayls,
 The bold *Columbus* still designs
 To find her undiscovered mines:
 Toth' *Indies* of her arm he flies
 Fraught both with East and Western prize,
 Which when he had in vain assayd,
 Arm'd like a dapper Lance-presade.
 With *Spanish* pike he brought a pore,
 And so both made and heal'd the sore:
 For as in Gummy trees there's found
 A salve to issue at the wound.
 Of this her breach the like was true,
 Hence trickled out a balsom too:
 But oh! what wasp was't that could prove
*Ratiliast*o my *Queen of Love*?
 The King of Bees now's jealous grown

Left her beams should melt his throne;
 And finding that his tribute slack,
 His Burgesſes and ſtate of wax
 Turn'd to an Hoſpitall, the combs
 Built rank and file like Beads-men rooms,
 And what they bleed but tort and ſowre,
 Matcht with my *Danaos* golden ſhowre,
 Live-Hony all, the envious elfe
 Stung her, cauſe ſweeter then himſelf.

Sweetneſſe and ſhe are ſo ally'd,
 The Bee committed Parricide,

A N

E L E G I E

V P O N

D^r. CHADERTON,

The firſt Maſter of Emanuel Colledge
 in *Cambridge*, being above an hundred years
 old when hee dyed.

Occaſioned by his long deferred F U N E R A L.

Pardon (dear Saint) that we ſo late,
 With lazy ſighs bemoan thy fate;
 And with an after-ſhower of verſe,
 And tears, we thus bedew thy herſe:
 Till now (alas) we did not weep,
 Becauſe we thought thou didſt but ſleep:
 Thou liv'dſt ſo long, we did not know,
 Whether thou couldſt now dye or no:
 We lookt ſtill, when thou ſhouldſt ariſe
 And o'pe the caſements of thine eyes:
 Thy feet, which have been us'd ſo long
 To walk, we thought muſt ſtill go on;
 Thine ears after an hundred year,
 Might now plead cuſtome for to hear;

Vpon

Upon thy head that reverend snow,
 Did dwell some fifty years ago,
 And then thy cheeks did seem to have
 The sad resemblance of a grave,

Wert thou e're young? for truth I hold,
 And do believe thou wert born old,
 There's none alive I'm sure can say
 They knew thee young, but alwayes gray:
 And dost thou now venerable Oak
 Decline at death's unhappy stroak?
 Tell me (dear son) why didst thou dye,
 And leave's to write an Elegy?
 We're young (alas) and know thee not,
 Send up old *Abram* and grave *Lot*,
 Let them write thy Epitaph, and tell
 The world thy worth, they kaud thee well:
 When they were boys they heard thee preach,
 And thought an Angell did them teach,
 Awake them then, and let them come,
 And score thy vertues on thy tomb,
 That we at those may wonder more,
 Than at thy many years before.

M A R I E S

SPIKE-NARD.

SHall I presume
 SWithout Perfume
 My *Christ* to meet
 That is *all sweet*?

No, I'll make most pleasant posies,
 Catch the breath of new blown roses,

P O E M S.

52

Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which laugh in the fairest bowers,
Whose sweetnesse Heaven likes so well,
It stops each morn to take a smell,

Then I'll fetch from the *Phoenix* nest
The richest spices, and the best,
Precious oynments I will make,
Holy *Mirr* and *Aloes* take;
Yea costly *Spikenard* in whose smell
The sweetnesse of all *Odours* dwell.

I'll get a box to keep it in,
Pure, as his *alabaſter* skin,
And then to him I'll nimbly fly
Before one sickly minute dy:
This box I'll break, and on his head
This precious oynment will I spread,
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair
For sweetnesse with his breath compare:
But sure the odour of his skin
Smells sweeter then the spice I bring.

Then with bended knee I'll greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'll wash them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips shall kisse them dry;
Or for a towell he shall have
My hair, such flax as nature gave.

But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy sacred feet take hold,
And curl themselves about, as though
They were loath for to let thee go,
O chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

LET.



LETTERS.

SIR,

THough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday last, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my servant entred your ark, and with him of my moneys, 133-0-8. this precise sum I was willing you should know, supposing your wisdom might own the moneys, though your honesties could hardly allow the act. Which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it no sin to violate your sanctuary, and upon the Audit find the receipt, we may happily account it a lone and not a losse, it being in hands responsible for greater matters: and now Sir, let me speake to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him, or send him hither, and we shal; if you dare not trust him, let him be trussed; If you dare, I shall wish you more such servants, and for that onely reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours.

W. E.

The Answer.

Sixtly, beloved is it so, that our brother & fellow labourer in the Gospell is start aside? then this may serve for a use of instruction, not to trust in man, nor in the son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*? Besides this should teach us to imploy our talents, & not to lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavileers, it had been just then the Israelite had spoil'd the Egyptian: but for *Simoon* to plunder *Levi*, that-thar! You see fir what use I make of the doctrine you nr me, & indeed since you change stile so farre as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon it to quite scores; I pretend a little to a gift in preaching. Sir I expected to hear from you in the phrase of the lost Groat, and

and the prodigall Son, and in such a *tantum* of language, but I perceive your communication is not alwayes yea, yea, now and then a little Harlorry Rhetorick: you say that your man is entered our Ark, I am sorry you were so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single. The text had beene better satisfied if you had pleased to bear him company, for then the beasts had entered by couples. But though hee came alone, yet well lin'd it seems a 133-0-8. sure the Hue and Cry had good lungs, it would have beene out of breath else before it had reach'd the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it precise sum, since it is false away, I understand not: but how come you to reckon so punctually? Did *Anani* tell it upon the Table Dormant; what year of the persecution of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the sheckells, that's the more sanctified coyn; I take it you are mistaken in the sanctuary you speake of. For that which your man has taken is *Hebbeck*, one of our chappells of ease, nor the mother Church our Garison of *Newark*. But the best is, they are both without the reach of your sacrilidge. Whereas you account the losse but a lone, we shall grant as a debt, but bearing the same date of payment as that which you borrowed on the publike Faith. I suspect your hand was troubled with the Palsy when you wrote of a Judge: your man however shall find me an advocate, so what say you to an occasionall meditation? Reflect but upon your self how you have used our common master, and I doubt not but then you will pardon your man: he hath but transcrib'd and copied out the disloyalty his master and his fraternity had taught him: and to conclude with your own, I wish you more such servants; and more such sums to be deriv'd to their proper channell, from whence 'tis imaginable that was purloyn'd.

I.C.

SIR

Sir,

HAd not indulgent mercy provided for troubled Spirits sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter? how easily had the expence of your wit been trussed up in an Egg-shell; I dare not trace in holy ground; 'tis not safe nibbling there; you see what doctrine I make of your use. But yet so far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not undertake like a mighty Colosse (whose every motion doth *Cleave Land* like *tartarum-fundere*) to devour indigested lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morsell, and then retail it out as the Jugler doth Inkle by the yard, all in Character, and by couples entering the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'll allow you the gift in preaching. Pity it is the provision of so many savory lessons, wholesome instructions, even so many pious collections, as might worthily entitled you to the comfortable substance of a well gleb'd vicaridge, besides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit to tell how great such a divine knowledge, as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy Writ, unknown sanctity, and a conscience so tender, I dare not touch; Pity it is such accomplish'd gifts, and prodigious parts, should be misemploy'd in secular affairs such an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark* as your party hath of late done *Garrisons*, and converted as many souls as *Chaucers* Friar, with the shoulder-bone of the lost sheep. But you say you expected; I thought you had had more than you expected; but however you expected a penitentiall language & humble stile, The goat I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an addresse full of complaints: Sir, we (like your selves) can speak big of our losses, and yet with more ingenuiry confesse them: though I for modesty will not ask you who stole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King, but of that—for that precise sum, I see you are willing to quarrell at precisensse, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed

formed it upon your very ——— How you quarrell at your good, had you mistaken him for a tax-gatherer, and cas'd him of his portage before he arriv'd at your chappel of ease, I would not you should have abated him a fourth part for his forward nesse, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majesties good Garrison of Newark : I should have liked the security well, and when your works had fail'd to save you, expected a return upon the publique faith, the meditation whereof puts me upon this advice; think not prophanenesse can compact with mud to cast up a trench of security, attempt not, though a Giant, to reach at stars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wise on this side heaven.

The Answer.

THE Philosopher, that never laughed but once, when hee saw an Ass mumbeling of thistles, would have broke his spleen at the rejoynder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my letter, lest it should prick your chops. But something must needs be reply'd : Repetitions are usuall with the saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your letter as a spittle sermon, where I perceive your ambition how you would prove your self a cleane beast, because you know how to chew the cud : For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits and sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll commons* extasie, certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expressions had not run so muddy : for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible, to be reconciled to sense. The wit which you say may be trussed up in an egg-shell, I fear your ovall crown hath scarce capacity to contain : you disclaim being a Coloss, content, I have as diminutive thoughts of you as you please.

I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen shall make of you accordingly three throws for a penny. But you cannot *cleave-Land* like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer plays the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jest in, your wit will be the better; And why cannot you *cleave the Land*? tread but hard, and your cloven foot will cleave its impression; you talk of Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Diakts, but take heed, the time may come, when unless you play *Presse begun*, your run-away King may cause you Jugler-wise to disgorge your fate, and vomit a rope instead of Inkle. But to echo your compassion, and return you an inventory of your good party; is it not pity the pure extract of sanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in the Pipkin of Predestination, and since well read in the sick mans salve & the crums of comfort, & liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity. Is it not pity such a pious gogle at the Bye such a melodious twang at the nose such a splay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, besides cheverall lungs which still stretch forth so far as a seventeenthly. Is it not pity these gallant Ingredients of modern devotion, which might justly have qualified you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Diocess as that of Hidebery, that these inefable parts that passe all understanding, should thus be sequestred from the primitive use, and of a goodly Lance-presade in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, such a walking directory, such a zealous *Roger* as this, might have saved more souls than ever *Sampson* slew, and with the same Engine, the Jaw bone of an Ass; your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground, and the holy coyn with a squemish preterition: I am glad to heare you acknowledge there is a holy ground, for then I hope *Hotham's* barne is not a gooda congregation as *S. Paul's*: for the holy coyn

LETTERS.

65

you must pardon me if I suspect the chastity of your fingers, I am sure those of your party have been troubled with fellons, witness the Church-revenues, and severall sacriledges that cannot be pared off with your nails: But there is another reason why I abstain from the ignominy of the Saints You were in hopes to retrieve your money, but verily, verily, never springs the partridge. You would have had your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the stile alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must passe for a Publican and sinner. Sir, we cast up no trench of security, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be saved by our works, for all the strength of your Faith, whereby you hold your selves able to remove mountaines: for your advise not to throw stars at your head I imbrace it, for what need I, as long as there is Goose-shot to be had for money, my wit shall be on what side heaven you please, provided it be alwayes anartick to yours: for the application of Giant I accept it, only I am sorry, that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might so oft subscribe my self,

Sir,

your servant

Jo. Cl.

FINIS.



THE CHARACTER

OF A London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a punie *Chronicle*, scarce pin-feathered with the wings of *time*: It is an *History* in *sippets*, the English *Iliads* in a nut-shell, the *Apocryphall Par-Jaments* book of *Maccabees* in single sheets. It would tire a *Welsh* *pedigree*, to reckon how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*: For it is of the *Extract*; only of the *younger house*, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobster*: The originall *finer* in this kind was *Dutch*, *Galliolegicus* the *Protoplast*; and the modern *Mercuries* but *Hans en Kelders*. The *Countesse of Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that lineage; so she spawns the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Westminster* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Brittanicus*. In the *Frontispiece* of the old *Beldam-Diurnal*, like the *Consents* of the *Chapter*, sits the *House of Commons*, judging the twelve *Tribes of Israel*. You may call them the *Kingdomes Anatamy* before the *weekly Calender*: For such is a *Diurnal*, the day of the *moneth*, with what weather in the *Common wealth*. It is taken for the pulse of the *Body politike*, and the *Emperick Divines* of the *Assembly*, those *spirituall Dragoones*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*; and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger *Authors*. The *Country-Carrier*, when he buyes it for the *Vicar*, miscalls it the *Urinal*; yet properly enough; for it casts the water of the *State*, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the *Devil* and his *Exorcist*; or as a *Blackwitch* doth from a *white one*, whose office it is to unravell her *inchantments*.

It begins usually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law still-born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royal-assent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliaments by blowes*, (*Acts* being legitimate) and hath no more Syre then a *Spanish Gennet*, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the issue only of the *Mother*, without the concurrence of *Royall In-puter*. Yet *Law* it is, if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his *Clock* went true, whatever the *Son* said to the contrary.

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is *plots*, horrible *plots*; which with wonderfull sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their *causes*, before *Marteria prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the *Mother* hath troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for all *Sir Walter Erle* looks like a *Man-Midwife*) not yet delivered of so much as a *cushion*. But *Actors* must have their *Properties*; and since the *Stages* were voted down, the only play-house is at *Westminster*.

Suable to their *plots* are their *Informers*, *Shippers* and *Taylors*; *Spaniells* both for the land and water: Good *conscienceable Intelligence*! For, however *Pym's Bill* may inflame the reckoning, the honest *vermins* have not so much for lying as the *publike Faith*.

Thus a zealous *Botcher* in *Morefields*, while hee was contriving some *Quirpo-cut* of *Church Government*, by the help of his out-lying ears, and the *Otaconstitution* of the *Spirit*, discovered such a plot that *Selden* intends to combat *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylor's Goose* that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-betrayer'd for dealing with the *Lions*, to settle the *Commission of Array* in the *Tower*. It would doe well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, besides the opportunity of reforming those *Beasts of the Prerogative*, and changing their prophane names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppose a *Corn-cutter* being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his *Office*, should fall to paring his *grows*, mistaking the one end for the other because he *branches* at both. This would be a *plot*; and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this scale of *Notes*.

Resolved upon the *Question*, that this act of the *Corn-cutters* was an absolute invasion of the *Cities Charter*, in the representative fore-head of *Isaac*.

Resolved that the *evill counsellours* about the *Corn-cutter* are popishly affected, and enemies to the *State*.

Resolved, that there be a *publike Thanksgiving* for the great deliverance of *Isaacs-brow-antlers* and a *solemn Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter* And all his work.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age fight with the *windmills* of their own heads; quell *Monsters* of their own creation, make *p'ors*, and then discover them; as who sifter to unkennell the *Fox* then the *Taryer*, that is a part of him.

In the third place march the *Adventures*; the *Round heads Legend*, the *Rebells Romance*; stories of a larger sizethen the ears of their *Self*, able to strangle the belief of a *Solifidian*.

I'll present them in their order; and first as a *whiffle* before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the stage with the first, travest his ground made a leg, and *Exit*. The *Country people* took him for one that by *Order* of the *Houses* was to dance a *Morice* through the west of *England*, Well, he is a *nimble Gentleman*; set him upon *Banks* his *horse* in a *saddle rampant*, and it is a great question, which part of the *Centaur* shews better tricks.

There was a *Vote* passing to translate him, with all his *Equipage*, into *Monumentall Ginger-bread*; but it was crossed by a *Female Committee*, alledging that the *Valour* of his image would bite the their children by the tongues.

This *Cubit* and an half of *Commander*, by the help of a *Diurnal*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: It is strange

you

you will say, and yet it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his sword, for which the weapon salve was invented, that so wounding and healing like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope, Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Waller* Knight errantry; and, because every *Mountebank* must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Hasslerig*, to set off the story, these two, like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwayes worshipped in the same Chapter; they hunt in their Couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalms, with another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the *Saints-bell*.

I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his body.

First, *Stamford* slew him; then *Waller* out-killed that half a Bar, and yet it is thought the sullen Corps would scarce bleed, were both these Man-slayers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch-Headsmen, that he would do his Office with so much ease and dexterity, that the Head after execution should stand still upon the shoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like knack too, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slain for him, to us poor Mortals seem untouchr.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man; without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the sword, and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conqueror*, This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnals Delight*, he that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for, he stalks with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Oxcclency himself is not charged there. Yet in all his triumph

there is a Whip and a Bell : translate but the Scene to Round-way-down : There *Hasturiggs* Lobsters were turned into Crabs, and crawled backwards : there poor *Sir William* ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins at *Hosanna* to *Cromwell*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Testament : you may learn the Genealogy of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The Muster Master uses no other List than the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forreigners, when themselves entertain such an Army of *Hebrews* ? this *Cromwel* is never so valarous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association ; which neverthelesse he doth somewhat ominously, with his neck a-ry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomet* his Pidgeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of Prey too, by his bloody beak : his Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that glitters : What we wonder at in the rest of them is naturall to him, to kill without blood-shed : for, most of his Trophees are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glasse would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced Gods in his own countenance. If he deale with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an Old Monument : then down goes dust and ashes : and the stoutest Cavalier is no better. *O brave Oliver ! Times Voider, Sub-fixer to the worms* ; in whom Death, that formerly devour'd our Ancestors, now chews the cud, He said grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marquesse of Newcastle*, nay and the *Diurnall* gave you his bill of fare : but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge-Teem* of *committe men*, and he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) must be read backwards. They rife *Colledges*, to promote Learning, and pull downe Churches for edification. But *Sacrilege* is intailed upon him

him : There must be a *Cromwell* for *Cathedralls*, as well as *Abbeys* : a secure sinner, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth : For how can he be hanged for *Church robbery*, which gives it selfe the benefit for the *Clergy*.

But for all *Cromwells* Nose wears the *Dominicall Letter*, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *vigils* to an *Holy-day*. This, this is the man of God ; so sanctified a *Thunderbolt*, that *Borroughs* in a proportionable blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would stile him the *Archangel*, giving battell to the *Devill*.

Indeed, as the *Angels* ; each of them make a severall species, so every one of his souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these beasts been to enter into the ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in understanding. It is the sign of a coward to wink, and fight ; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance,

But I wonder whence their Generalls purity proceeds ; It is not by traduction : if he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocall generation : for the *Devill* in the father, is turn'd Monk in the son : so his godlinesse is or the same parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad manners, and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to corruption, *Thou art my Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother University ; and (if this Scotch mist further prevail) will extinguish this other. He hath the like quarrell to both, because both are strung with the same *Optick nerve*, *Knowing Loyalty*, Barbarous Rebell ! who will be revenged upon all Learning, because his Treason is beyond the mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnal* as yet hath not talkt much of his Victories ; but there is the more behind : For the Knight must

must alwayes beat the Giant : that's resolved. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnall* hath a help at Maw ; it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Danish* Fleet, or brewing it with some successe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnall*, as *Brereton* and *Gell* ; two of *Mars* his petty-toes ; such sniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembles the *Beast*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon : O he's a terrible slaughter-man at a Thanksgiving Dinner : had he been *Canibal*, to have eaten those that he vanquish'd, his Gut would have made him valliant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State-Sophies* distinguish) in his Politick capacity : regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeale of the House he sate in ; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cause ; a new Branch of the old *Oak* of *Reformation*.

And now I speake of Reformation, *vous savez* *Fox*, the Tinker, the liveliest Embleme of it that may be : For, what did this Parliament ever goe about to reform, but Tinker-wise, in mending one hole, they made three.

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tettors and Ringworms of the State.

I will close up all thus : The victories of the Rebels are like the Magickall Combat of *Apulejus*, who, thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found them at last but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnall* ; but so many imposthumated Fancies, so many Bladders of their own blowing.

The Character of a
COUNTRY COMMITTEEMAN,
 with the Ear-mark of a
SEQUESTATOR.

A Committe-man by his name should be one that is possessed, there is number enough in his name to make an Epithete for Legion; he is persona in concreto (to borrow the solecism of a modern Statesman) you may translate it by the Red Bull phrase, and speak as properly. enter seven Devils solus: It is a well trusd title that contains both the number and the Beast. For a Committe-man is a Noun of Multitude; he must be spelled with figures, like Amichrist wrapped in a pair royal of Sixes: Thus the name is as monstrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the same lineage with accumulative treason: For his office, is the Ilparchy, or Englands Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voyder exceeds the Bill of fare, the Pope and berings the changes; here is a plurality of crowns to one head, joyne them together, and there is harmony in discord, the triple-headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the triple headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of a Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out-bulks the substance whereof he is a remnant: There is a score of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Cross there is the number of twenty. This is the Giant with the hundred hands that wield the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead Roll by which the Kingdom prays backward, and with a kind of Rebus, at every curse drops a Committe-man. Let CHARLES be wayved, whose conducting clemency

mancy aggravates the defection, and make Nero the question, better a Nero than a Committee. There's lesse execution by a single bullet then by case-shot.

Now a Committee-man is a parti-coloured Officer, he must be drawn like Janus with Crosse and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him martially, and he is a Justice of war; one that hath bound his Dalton up in Buff, and will needs be of the Quorum to the best Commanders, he is one of Mars his Lay-Elders, he shares in the Government, though a Non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a flattering in discourse, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (if such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a Pigeon may converse with Vulturs. He thinks a Committee hanging about a Governor, and Bandeliers dangling about a sur'd Alderman, have an Anagram resemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a Helmet: who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand-Iura and a Billa vera? It is a left handed Garrison where their authority perches; but the more preposterous, the more in fashion: the right hand fights while the left hand rules the reins: the Truth is the Souldier, and the Gentlemen are like Don Quixot and Sancho Pancha, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governors Matross to sit his truckle, and to re-string him with sinews of war for his chief use, to raise Assessments in the neighbouring wapentake.

The Countrey people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give downe her milke wlesse she see her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their contribution before he feeds them; so the poor Souldiers live like Trochilus, by picking the teeth of this fated Crocodile.

So much for this warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural, that is rather a vizard then a face. Mars in him hath but a blinking aspect, his face of Arms is like his Coat, partie per pale, Souldier and Gentleman much of a scantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deploing face, a squeezing look, like that of Vespasianus, as if he were breeding over a close-stool. Take him thus, and he is the Inquisition of the purse; an authentick Gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance; not a murdered fortune in all the Countrey but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor. He is the spleen of the Body Politick, that swells it selfe to the Consumption of the whole: At first indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Gope, he sets up for himselfe, he lives upon the sinne of the people, & that's a good standing dish too, he verities the Axiom, *Lisdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his dyet is suitable to his constitution I have wondered often why the plundered Countrey-men should repair to him for succour, certainly it is under the same notion as one whose pockets are pickt goes to Mol Cut purse as the predominant in that faculty.

He out-dives a Dutch-man, gets a nolle of him that was never worth sin pence, for the poorest escape not, but Dutch-like, he will be dreyning even in the dryest ground; he alienates a Delinquents estate with as little remorse as his other holiness gives away an Hereticks Kingdom, and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of Infallibility. Lic is the Grand Sallad of arbitrary Government, Excutor to the Star-Chamber & High-commission; for those courts are not extinct, they survive in him like Dollars changed into single moneys. To speake the truth, he is the universal Tribunal: For since those times all causes fall to his Cognizance, as in a great infection all diseases oft turn to the Plague. It concerns our Masters the Parliament to look about them, if he proceed at this rate, the Lark may come to swallow the Pike, as the Interest of
ten

ven eats out the principal. As his commands are great, he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is very punctual in snatching your hat, and to say right, it is his due; but by the same title, as the upper garment is the wails of the Emulationer. There was a time when such cattell would have hardly been taken upon suspicion for men in office, unlesse the old Proverb were renewed, that boggars make a free Company, & those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together, look upon them severally, and you cannot but sum-ble for some thirds of charity; But oh they are Tarmagants in Conjunction! like Fiddlers, who are rogues when they go single; and joynd in consort, gentlemen Musitioners, I care not much if I turne off my Committe-man, & so give him the receipt of this grand Catholicon. Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath payd the Excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the Land-piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive Freetholter, one that hates the King, because he is a Gentleman transgressing the Magna Charta of delving Adam. Add to these a mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his false weights with some scruple of Conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doom his Prince with a Mene teckel. These with a new blue-socking'd Injustice lately made of a good basket hilted Teoman, with a short handed Clerke tackt to the Rear of him to carry the Snapsack of his understanding, together with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whose Religion like their Gentility is the extract of their Acres, being therefore spiritual, because they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whose corruption gives the Hogan to the sincere Iustice. These are the simples of this precious Compound, a kind of Dutch botch potch, the Hogan Mogan Committe-man,

A Committe-man hath a Side-man, or rather a setter height, a Sequesterator; of whom you may say, as of the great Sullians horse, where he treads, the grasse grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fishes for the Publike, but feeds himself; the miser is, he fishes without the

the Cormorants property, a rope to strengthen the gullet, and to make him disgorge, A Sequestrator ! He is the devils Notebook, the sign with him is always in the clutches. There is more Monsters retain to him, then to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is strange Physicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate Fever, he draws far beyond Pidgeons. I hope some Mountbank will slire him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is all the difference, one applauds the Grinder, and the other the Grift. Never till now could I verify the Poets description, that the ravenous harpy had a humane visage. Death it self cannot quit scores with him ; Like the Demoniack in the Gospel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water shed by Widows and Orphans, a sufficient Exorcism to dispossesse him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, and the Fiend your blood ; Nor can the brotherhood of Witchfinders, so sagely instituted with all their terrour, wear the Familiars.

But once more to single out my imboist Committoe-man, his face (for I know you would faine see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the weathers by a Committee of Examinations, and so the sponge weeps out the moysture which he soaked before, Or else he mrets his passing peale in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-founded Garrison ; For the Hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mistakes his commons and bites off her head. What ever 'tis, it is within his desert : For what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and cliketing for the third. A Committe-man is the Counterpoint, his mischiefes superfection, a certain scale of destruction ; for he ruins the father, beggers the son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity.

F I N I S.